

THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD,
A TALE,
IN TWO VOLUMES,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

VOL. II.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.



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T H E
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

C H A P. I.

*The history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty,
but losing content.*

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. 'Why, aye my son,' cried I, you left me but 'poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet 'I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the 'world.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied my son, 'but travelling after fortune is not the way to secure her; and, 'indeed of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.'—'I fancy, Sir,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'that the account 'of your adventures would be amusing: the first 'part of them I have often heard from my neice; 'but could the company prevail for the rest, it would 'be an additional obligation.'—'Madam,' replied my son, 'I promise you the pleasure you have in 'hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in 'repeating them, and yet in the whole narrative, I 'can scarce promise you one adventure, as my account 'is rather of what I saw, than what I did. The first 'misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; 'but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The 'less kind I found fortune at one time, the more I 'expected from her another; and being now at the 'bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might 'lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way

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'uneasy

uneasy about to-morrow, but chearful as the birds
 that carolled by the road; and comforted myself
 with reflecting, that London was the mart where
 abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first care was
 to deliver your letter of recommendation to our
 cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, Sir,
 was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his
 advice on the affair. Our cousin received the
 proposal with a true Sardonic grin. "Aye,"
 cried he, "this is indeed a very pretty career that
 has been chalked out for you. I have been an
 usher to a boarding school myself; and may I
 die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be
 an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early
 and late: I was brow-beat by the master, hated
 for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the
 boys within, and never permitted to stir out to
 meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are
 fit for a school? Let me examine you a little.
 Have you been bred an apprentice to the business?" No. "Then you won't do for a school.
 Can you dress the boys hair?" No. Then you
 won't do for a school. Have you had the small-
 pox?" No. "Then you won't do for a school.
 Can you lie three in a bed?" No. "Then you
 will never do for a school. Have you got a good
 stomach?" Yes. "Then you will by no means
 do for a school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel
 easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by
 any means. Yet come," continued he, "I see
 you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do
 you think of commencing author, like me? You
 have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius
 starving at the trade; at present I'll shew you
 forty very dull fellows about town, that live by it
 in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on
 smoothly

“smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, Sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.”

‘Finding that there was no degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiqua matter of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she granted I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well.—Witness, ye powers, what fancied importance fate perched upon my quill while I was writing. The whole learned worlds, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I fate self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.’

‘Well said, my boy,’ cried I, ‘and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt, go on; you published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?’

‘Sir,’ replied my son, ‘the learned world said nothing of my paradoxes: nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies;

‘and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.’

‘As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe a new edition he was going to give the world of Proper-tius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that confession led him to enquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, ‘I see,’ cried he, ‘you are unacquainted with the town. I’ll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, or a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,” continued he, “I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known. I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.”

‘Bless us, George,’ cried I, ‘and is this the employment of poets now. Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary. Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?’

O no,

‘O no, Sir,’ returned he, ‘a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection, condescend to solicit it.

‘Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautus, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

‘Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors, like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer’s attempts, was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, writing was my trade.

In

‘ In the midst of these gloomy reflexions, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James’s Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation; he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished, for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.’

‘ What did you say, George?’ interrupted I. ‘ Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord.’—‘ Bless me,’ cried Mrs. Arnold, ‘ is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of your’s? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.’

‘ My friend’s first care,’ continued my son, ‘ was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he set for his picture, to take the left-hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when we had a mind for a frolick. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the corkscrew; to stand godfather to all the butler’s children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.’

‘ In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron’s affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from

‘ several

several for his stupidity; yet he found many of
 them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted
 his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he prac-
 tised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it
 came awkward and stiff from me; and as every
 day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every
 hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I
 became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once
 more fairly going to give up the field to the captain,
 when my friend found occasion for my assistance.
 This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him,
 with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he
 had used ill. I readily complied with his request;
 and though I see you are displeased at my conduct,
 yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friend-
 ship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair,
 disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the
 pleasure of finding that lady was only a woman of
 the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper.
 This piece of service was repaid with the warmest
 gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in
 a few days, he knew no other method of serving
 me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir
 William Thornhill, and another nobleman of
 great distinction, who enjoyed a post under go-
 vernment. When he was gone, my first care was
 to carry his commendatory letter to his uncle, a
 man whose character for every virtue was univer-
 sal, yet just. I was received by his servants with
 the most hospitable smiles: for the looks of the
 domesticks ever transmit their master's benevo-
 lence. Being shewn into a grand apartment,
 where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered
 my message and letter, which he read, and after
 pausing some minutes, "Pray, Sir," cried he,
 inform me what you have done for my kinsman,
 to deserve this warm recommendation? But I sup-
 pose, Sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for
 him; and so you would expect a reward from me
 for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sin-
 cerely

“cerely wish, that my present refusal may be some
 “punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it
 “may be some inducement to your repentance.”
 “The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, be-
 “cause I knew it was just. My whole expectations
 “now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man.
 “As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset
 “with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly peti-
 “tion, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance.
 “However, after bribing the servants with half my
 “worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious
 “apartment, my letter being previously sent up for
 “his lordship’s inspection. During this anxious in-
 “terval I had full time to look round me. Every
 “thing was grand and of happy contrivance; the
 “paintings, the furniture, the guildings, petrified
 “me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner.
 “Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the
 “possessor of all these things be, who carries in his
 “head the business of the state, and whose house
 “displays half the wealth of the kingdom: sure his
 “genius must be unfathomable? During these aw-
 “ful reflections I heard a step come heavily forward.
 “Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only
 “a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon af-
 “ter. This must be he! No, it was only the great
 “man’s valet de chambre. At last his lordship ac-
 “tually made his appearance. “Are you,” cried
 “he, “the bearer of this here letter.” I answered
 “with a bow. “I learn by this,” continued he, as
 “how that —” But just at that instant a servant de-
 “livered him a card; and without taking farther
 “notice, he went out of the room, and left me to di-
 “gest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more
 “of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was
 “going to his coach at the door. Down I immedi-
 “ately followed, and joined my voice to that of
 “three or four more, who came, like me, to peti-
 “tion for favours. His lordship, however, went too
 “fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with
 “large

‘ large strides, when I halloed out to know if I was
‘ to have any reply. He was by this time got in,
‘ and muttered an answer, half of which I only
‘ heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his
‘ chariot wheels. I stood for some time with my
‘ neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was
‘ listening to catch the glorious sounds, till looking
‘ round me, I found myself alone at his lordship’s
‘ gate.

‘ My patience,’ continued my son, ‘ was now
‘ quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indig-
‘ nities I had met with, I was willing to cast my-
‘ self away, and only wanted the gulph to receive
‘ me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things
‘ that nature designed should be thrown by into her
‘ lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had
‘ still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I
‘ thought nature herself should not deprive me; but
‘ in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go
‘ instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust
‘ to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along
‘ with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe’s
‘ office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome
‘ reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers
‘ all his Majesty’s subjects a generous promise of
‘ 30l. a year, for which promise all they give in re-
‘ turn is their liberty for life, and permission to let
‘ him transport them to America as slaves. I was
‘ happy at finding a place where I could lose my
‘ fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had
‘ the appearance of one, with the devotion of a mo-
‘ nastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures
‘ all in circumstances like myself, expecting the ar-
‘ rival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of
‘ English impatience. Each untraced soul at variance
‘ with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own
‘ hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, which
‘ hushed our murmurs. He deigned to regard me
‘ with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed
‘ he was the first man who for a month past
‘ talked to me with smiles. After a few questions he
‘ found

“ found I was fit for every thing in the world. He
 “ paused awhile upon the properest means of pro-
 “ viding for me, and slapping his forehead, as if he
 “ had found it, assured me, that there was at that
 “ time an embassy talked of from the synod of Penn-
 “ sylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he
 “ would use his interest to get me made secretary. I
 “ knew in my own heart the fellow lied, and yet his
 “ promise gave me pleasure, there was something so
 “ magnificent in the sound. I therefore divided my
 “ half guinea, one half of which went to be added
 “ to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other
 “ half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be
 “ there more happy than he.

“ As I was going out with that resolution, I was
 “ met at the door by the captain of a ship, with
 “ whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and
 “ he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of
 “ punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my
 “ circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the
 “ very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keep-
 “ er’s promises; for that he only designed to sell me
 “ to the plantations. “ But,” continued he, “ I
 “ fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be
 “ very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take
 “ my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amster-
 “ dam: what if you go in her as a passenger?
 “ The moment you land, all you have to do is to
 “ teach the Dutchmen English, and I’ll warrant you
 “ you’ll get pupils and money enough. I suppose
 “ you understand English,” added he, “ by this
 “ time, or the deuce is in it.” I confidently as-
 “ sured him of that; but expressed a doubt, whether
 “ the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He
 “ affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to
 “ distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed
 “ with his proposal, and embarked the next day to
 “ teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind
 “ was fair, our voyage short; and after having paid
 “ my passage with half my moveables, I found my-
 self

‘ self fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of
‘ the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situa-
‘ tion I was unwilling to let any time pass unem-
‘ ployed in teaching. I addressed myself therefore to
‘ two or three of those I met whose appearance seemed
‘ most promising: but it was impossible to make
‘ ourselves mutually understood. It was not till
‘ this very moment I recollected, that in order to
‘ teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they
‘ should first teach me Dutch. How I came to over-
‘ look so obvious an abjection, is to me amazing;
‘ but certain it is I overlooked it.

‘ This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts
‘ of fairly shipping back to England again; but
‘ happening into company with an Irish student, who
‘ was returning from Louvain, our conversation
‘ turned upon topics of literature (for, by the way,
‘ it may be observed, that I always forgot the mean-
‘ ings of my circumstances when I could converse up-
‘ such subjects;) from him I learned that there were
‘ not two men in this whole university who under-
‘ stood Greek. This amazed me, I instantly resol-
‘ ved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teach-
‘ ing Greek:—and in this design I was heartened by
‘ my brother student, who threw out some hints
‘ that a fortune might be got by it.

‘ I set boldly forward the next morning. Every
‘ day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like
‘ Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them
‘ for my lodgings to the Dutch as I passed on.
‘ When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to
‘ go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly
‘ tendered my talents to the principal himself. I
‘ went, had admittance, and offered him my ser-
‘ vice as a master of the Greek language, which I
‘ had been told was a desideratum in his university.
‘ The principal seemed at first to doubt of my abili-
‘ ties; but of these I offered to convince him, by
‘ turning a part of any Greek author he should fix
‘ upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest

‘ in my proposal, he addressed me thus: “ You
 ‘ see me, young man,” continued he; “ I never
 ‘ learned Greek, and I don’t find I ever missed it.
 ‘ I have had a doctor’s cap and gown without
 ‘ Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without
 ‘ Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and in
 ‘ short,” continued he, “ as I don’t know Greek,
 ‘ I do not believe there is any good in it.”

‘ I was now too far from home to think of re-
 ‘ turning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some
 ‘ knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now
 ‘ turned what was once my amusement into present
 ‘ means of subsistence. I passed among the harm-
 ‘ less peasants in Flanders and among such of the
 ‘ French as were poor enough to be very merry;
 ‘ for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to
 ‘ their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant’s
 ‘ house towards night-fall, I played one of my most
 ‘ merry tunes, and that procured me not only a
 ‘ lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once
 ‘ or twice attempted to play with people of fashion,
 ‘ but they always thought my performance odious,
 ‘ and never rewarded me with a trifle. This was
 ‘ to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used
 ‘ in better days to play for company, when playing
 ‘ was my amusement, my music never failed to throw
 ‘ them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but
 ‘ as it was now my only means, it was received with
 ‘ contempt: a proof how ready the world is to
 ‘ under rate those talents by which a man is sup-
 ‘ ported.

‘ In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no
 ‘ design but just to look about me, and then to go
 ‘ forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of
 ‘ strangers that have money than of those that have
 ‘ wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no
 ‘ great favourite. After walking about the town
 ‘ four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the
 ‘ best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat
 ‘ of venal hospitality; when passing through one of
 ‘ the

' the principal streets, whom should I meet but our
 ' cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This
 ' meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe
 ' not displeasing to him. He enquired into the na-
 ' ture of my journey to Paris, and informed me of
 ' his own business there, which was to collect pic-
 ' tures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds
 ' for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped in-
 ' to taste and a large fortune. I was the more sur-
 ' prized at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this
 ' office, as he himself had often assured me he knew
 ' nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had
 ' been taught the art of *connoissance* so very suddenly,
 ' he assured me, that nothing was more easy. The
 ' whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two
 ' rules; the one always to observe, that the picture
 ' might have been better if the painter had taken
 ' more pains; and the other, to praise the work of
 ' Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once
 ' taught you how to be an author in London, I'll
 ' now undertake to instruct you in the art of pic-
 ' ture-buying in Paris."

' With this proposal I very readily closed, as it
 ' was living; and now all my ambition was to live.
 ' I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my
 ' dress by his assistance; and after some time accom-
 ' panied him to auctions of pictures where the En-
 ' glish gentry were expected to be purchasers. I
 ' was not a little surprized at his intimacy with peo-
 ' ple of the best fashion, who referred themselves to
 ' his judgement upon every picture or medal, as an
 ' unerring standard of taste. He made very good
 ' use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when
 ' asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside
 ' and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure
 ' the company, that he could give no opinion upon
 ' an affair of so much importance. Yet there was
 ' sometimes an occasion for a more supported as-
 ' surance. I remember to have seen him, after giv-
 ' ing his opinion that the colouring of a picture was

‘ not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush
 ‘ with brown varnish that was accidentally lying by,
 ‘ and rub it over the piece with great composure be-
 ‘ fore all the company, and then ask if he had not
 ‘ improved the tints.

‘ When he had finished his commission in Paris, he
 ‘ left me strongly recommended to several men of
 ‘ distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling
 ‘ tutor; and after some time I was employed in that
 ‘ capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to
 ‘ Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour
 ‘ through Europe. I was to be the young gentle-
 ‘ man’s governor, but with a promise that he should
 ‘ always govern himself. My pupil in fact under-
 ‘ stood the art of guiding in money concerns much
 ‘ better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about
 ‘ two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle
 ‘ in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify
 ‘ him for the management of it, had bound him ap-
 ‘ prentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his
 ‘ prevailing passion: all his questions on the road
 ‘ were, how much money might be saved; which
 ‘ was the least expensive course of travel; whether
 ‘ any thing could be bought that would turn to ac-
 ‘ count when disposed of again in London. Such
 ‘ curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing
 ‘ was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them
 ‘ was to be paid for, he usually asserted, that he had
 ‘ been told they were not worth seeing. He never
 ‘ paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazing-
 ‘ ly expensive travelling was! and all this though
 ‘ he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at
 ‘ Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port
 ‘ and shipping, he enquired the expence of the pas-
 ‘ sage by sea home to England. This he was in-
 ‘ formed was but a trifle, compared to his returning
 ‘ by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the
 ‘ temptation; so paying me the small part of my
 ‘ salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked
 ‘ with only one attendant for London.

‘ I now

‘ I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large ; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I ; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation : In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant ; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England ; walked along from city to city ; examined mankind more nearly ; and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few : I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom ; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

‘ Upon my arrival in England I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward ; but on my journey down my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed ; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it : that acting was not to be learnt in a day ; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could

‘ never pretend to please. The next difficulty was
 ‘ in fitting me with parts, as almost every character
 ‘ was in keeping. I was driven for some time from
 ‘ one character to another, till at last Horatio was
 ‘ fixed upon, which the presence of the present
 ‘ company has happily hindered me from acting.’

CH A P. II.

*The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious,
 which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.*

MY son’s account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill’s equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill’s entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time, his presence seemed only to increase the general good-humour.

After tea he called me aside to enquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son: and upon my replying, that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: ‘ For at best,’ cried he, ‘ it is but
 ‘ divulging one’s own infamy; and perhaps Miss
 ‘ Livy

'Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.' We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in to stand up at country dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addressees, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken: and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprized me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold: but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurance of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone: the morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest being sufficient to get an abatement of the other two: 'As for this trifling piece of service,' continued the young gentleman, 'I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure.' This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress, for Miss Wilmot actually loved him, he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had, my blessing. 'And now, my boy,' cried I, 'thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grand-father fought for his sacred king, loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was a misfortune to die with lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.'

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen-fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country.

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We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there; to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. 'Mr. Symmonds,' cried she, 'you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. 'Here three parts of the business is left for me to 'do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do 'nothing but soak with the guests all day long, 'whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me 'of a fever, I never touch a drop.' I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a curtsy, and drinking towards my good health, 'Sir,' resumed she, 'it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am 'angry, but one cannot help it when the house is 'going out of the windows. If the customers or 'guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon 'my back, he'd as lief eat that glass as budge 'after them himself. There, now above stairs, we 'have a young woman who has come to take up 'her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has 'got any money by her over civility. I am cer- 'tain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she 'were put in mind of it.'—'What signifies mind- 'ing her,' cried the host; 'if she be slow, she is 'sure.'—'I don't know that,' replied the wife; 'but I know that I am sure she has been here a 'fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of 'her money.'—'I suppose, my dear,' cried he, we 'shall

‘ shall have it all in a lump.’—‘ In a lump,’ cried the other, ‘ I hope we may get it any way ; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage.’—‘ Consider, my dear,’ cried the husband, ‘ she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect.’—‘ As for the matter of that,’ returned the hostess, gentle or simple, ‘ out she shall pack with a fussarara. Gentry may be good things where they take ; but for my part I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow.’ Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear the remonstrances very distinctly : ‘ Out, I say ; pack out this moment ! tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I’ll give thee a mark thou won’t be the better for these three months. What ! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house, without cros or coin to bless yourself with ; come along I say.’—‘ O dear Madam,’ cried the stranger, ‘ pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest.’ I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by her hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. ‘ Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father’s bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee ; though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all.’—‘ O my own dear,’—for minutes she could say no more, ‘ my own dearest good papa ! Could angels be kinder ! How do I deserve so much ? The villain, I hate him and myself to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can’t forgive me. I know you cannot.’—‘ Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee :
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‘ Only repent, and we both shall yet be happy.
 ‘ We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia.’
 ‘ Ah! never, Sir, never. The rest of my wretched
 ‘ life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home.
 ‘ But alas! papa, you look much paler than you
 ‘ used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you
 ‘ so much uneasiness? Sure you have too much
 ‘ wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon your-
 ‘ self.’—‘ Our wisdom, young woman,’ replied I.
 ‘ Ah, why so cold a name, papa?’ cried she. ‘ This
 ‘ is the first time you ever called me by so cold a
 ‘ name.’—‘ I ask pardon, my darling,’ returned I;
 ‘ but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes
 ‘ but a slow defence against trouble, though at last
 ‘ a sure one.’

The landlady now returned to know if we did not
 chuse a more genteel apartment; to which assent-
 ing, we were shewn a room where we could converse
 more freely. After we had talked ourselves into
 some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desir-
 ing some account of the gradations that led to her
 present wretched situation. ‘ That villain, Sir,’
 said she, ‘ from the first day of our meeting, made
 ‘ me honourable, though private proposals.’

‘ Villain indeed,’ cried I; and yet it in some mea-
 sure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell’s
 good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of
 such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a fa-
 mily to undo it.’

‘ My dear papa,’ returned my daughter, ‘ you
 ‘ labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell
 ‘ never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that,
 ‘ he took every opportunity of privately admonish-
 ‘ ing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill,
 ‘ who, I now find, was even worse than he repre-
 ‘ sented him.’—‘ Mr. Thornhill!’ interrupted I,
 ‘ can it be?’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ returned she, ‘ it was
 ‘ Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed
 ‘ the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact
 ‘ were abandoned women of the town, without
 ‘ breeding

‘breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London, their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell’s letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.’

‘You amaze me, my dear,’ cried I; ‘but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill’s baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine?’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.’—‘What,’ interrupted I, ‘and were you indeed married by a priest in orders?’—‘Indeed, Sir, we were,’ replied she, ‘though we were both sworn to conceal his name.’—‘Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are now his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connection.’

‘Alas, papa,’ replied she, ‘you are but little acquainted with his villainies: he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned.’

‘Has he so!’ cried I, ‘then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.’—‘But, Sir,’ returned she, ‘will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy!’—‘My dear,’
I replied,

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Designed & Engraved

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row Jan. 5. 1793.

by J. Anker Smith

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I replied, 'if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good; as in politicks, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the body. But in religion, the law is written, and inflexibly, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear; go on.'

'The very next morning,' continued she, 'I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to ~~two~~ unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung me. My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with

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‘ indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-coach happened to pass by; I took a place, being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here; where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman’s unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mama and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than theirs; for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy.’

‘ Have patience, my child,’ cried I, ‘ and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I’ll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart: but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it.’

C H A P. III.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us, than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of nature’s making were but very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world,

shewed

shewed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered our hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep mouthed watch dog, at hollow distance. I approached my abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive out-cry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughters, and

all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! 'Where,' cried I, 'where are my little ones?'—'They are burnt to death in the flames,' says my wife calmly, 'and I will die with them.'—That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, 'Where are my little ones?'—'Here, dear papa; here we are!' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, whilst just as I was got out the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, 'I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here 'are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My
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goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more, of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother; whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. 'Ah, madam,' cried her mother, 'this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.' During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I

could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, 'I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us, let us not therefore increase them by dissention among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice.'

C H A P. IV.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours too came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such

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such a manner as totally repress his future sollicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history, as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. 'Our happiness, my dear,' I would say, 'is in the power of One who can bring about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

'Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

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' As the war was then carried on between the
 ' French and the Italians with the utmost inhumana-
 ' nity, they were going at once to perpetrate those
 ' two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty.
 ' This base resolution, however, was opposed by a
 ' young officer, who, though his retreat required
 ' the utmost expedition, placed her behind him,
 ' and brought her in safety to his native city. Her
 ' beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon after
 ' his heart. They were married; he rose to the
 ' highest posts; they lived long together, and were
 ' happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be
 ' called permanent: after an interval of several
 ' years, the troops which he commanded having
 ' met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter
 ' in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here
 ' they suffered a siege, and the city at length was
 ' taken. Few histories can produce more various
 ' instances of cruelty, than those which the French
 ' and Italians at that time exercised upon each
 ' other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this
 ' occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death;
 ' but particularly the husband of the unfortunate
 ' Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in
 ' protracting the siege. Their determinations were,
 ' in general, executed almost as soon as resolved
 ' upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the
 ' executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while
 ' the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal
 ' blow, which was only suspended till the general,
 ' who presided as judge, should give the signal. It
 ' was in this interval of anguish and expectation,
 ' that Matilda came to take the last farewell of her
 ' husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched
 ' situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved
 ' her from perishing by a premature death in the
 ' river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater
 ' calamities. The general, who was a young man,
 ' was struck with surprize at her beauty, and pity
 ' at her distress; but with still stronger emotions
 when

‘ when he heard her mention her former dangers.
‘ He was her son, the infant for whom she had en-
‘ countered so much danger, acknowledged her at
‘ once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest
‘ may be easily supposed: the captive was set free,
‘ and all the happiness that love, friendship, and
‘ duty could confer on each, were united.

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia’s affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completions of his designs, by sending my son to old Wilmot’s, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill’s conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been in the country for many years.

All

All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

'Why, let him if he can,' returned I: 'but my son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendours of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers going into exile.'

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to console
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with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

C H A P. V.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank: where, while we sate, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. 'Do, my pretty Olivia,' cried she, 'let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. 'Do, child, it will oblige your old father.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter,

daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. Sir,' replied I, 'your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.'

'I vow, my dear Sir,' returned he, 'I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it.'

'Go,' cried I, 'thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, Sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion.'

'If she or you,' returned he, 'are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and what is more she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her.'

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage. 'Avoid my sight, thou reptile,' cried I, 'nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my
' brave

‘ brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but
‘ I am old and disabled, and every way undone.’

‘ I find,’ cried he, ‘ you are bent upon obliging me
‘ to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But
‘ as I have shewn you what may be hoped from
‘ my friendship, it may not be improper to represent
‘ what may be the consequences of my resentment.
‘ My attorney, to whom your late bond has been
‘ transferred, threatens hard, nor do I know how to
‘ prevent the course of justice, except by paying the
‘ money myself, which, as I have been at some ex-
‘ pences lately, previous to my intended marriage,
‘ is not so easy to be done. And then my steward
‘ talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he
‘ knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with
‘ affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to
‘ serve you, and even to have you and your daugh-
‘ ter present at my marriage, which is shortly to
‘ be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the
‘ request of my charming Arabella herself, whom
‘ I hope you will not refuse.’

‘ Mr. Thornhill,’ replied I, ‘ hear me once for
‘ all: as to your marriage with any but my daugh-
‘ ter, that I never will consent to; and though
‘ your friendship could raise me to a throne, or
‘ your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I
‘ despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irrepa-
‘ rably, deceived me. I reposed my heart upon
‘ thine honour, and have found it’s baseness. Ne-
‘ ver more therefore expect friendship from me.
‘ Go, and possess what fortune has given thee,
‘ beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and
‘ leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow.
‘ Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindi-
‘ cate it’s dignity, and though thou hast my for-
‘ giveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.’

‘ If so,’ returned he, ‘ depend upon it you shall
‘ feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall
‘ shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you
‘ or me.’ Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort: like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore intreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure: the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

‘Why, my treasures,’ cried I, ‘why will you thus attempt to persuade me to a thing that is not right! My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charn-

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‘ing apartment, when we can look round our own
‘hearts with intrepidity and pleasure!’

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county goal, which was eleven miles off.

‘My friends,’ said I, ‘this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must be so—’

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious: and desired my son to assist his eldest sister; who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter, being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had an horse, kindly took her behind him: for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came as they imagined to do me service.

‘What! my friends,’ cried I, ‘and is this the way you love me! Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit! Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me! Which is your ring-leader? Shew me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my poor deluded flock, return
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‘wicked be chearful, and shall I be melancholy?
 ‘I feel only the same confinement with them, and
 ‘I think I have more reason to be happy.’

With such reflections I laboured to become chearful: but chearfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good, I might profit by his instruction; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense; but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called; or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

‘That’s unfortunate,’ cried he, ‘as you are
 ‘allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment
 ‘is very large and cold. However, you seem to
 ‘be something of a gentleman, and as I have been
 ‘one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are
 ‘heartily at your service.’

I thanked him, professing my surprize at finding such humanity in a gaol, in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmen aire, ei dos ton etarion*, ‘and in fact,’ continued I, ‘what
 ‘is the world if it affords only solitude?’

‘You talk of the world, Sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner; ‘the world is in its dotage, and
 ‘yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has
 ‘puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a
 ‘medley of opinions have they not broached upon
 ‘the creation of the world. Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all at-
 ‘tempted

‘tempted it in vain. The latter has these words,
 ‘*Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which implies,
 ‘—‘I ask pardon, Sir,’ cried I, for interrupting
 ‘so much learning; but I think I have heard all
 ‘this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once
 ‘seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not your
 ‘name Ephraim Jenkinson?’ At this demand he
 ‘only sighed. ‘I suppose you must recollect,’ re-
 ‘sumed I, ‘one Doctor Primrose, from whom
 ‘you bought a horse.’

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before.
 ‘Yes, Sir,’ returned Mr. Jenkinson, ‘I remembered you perfectly well; I bought an horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flambo-rough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of the next assizes; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, Sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see,’ continued he, shewing his shackles, ‘what my tricks have brought me to.’

‘Well, Sir,’ replied I, ‘your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough’s evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that.’

‘Well, Sir,’ cried he, ‘all the return I can make shall be your’s. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to-night, and I’ll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence.’

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared

peared at least sixty. ‘Sir,’ answered he, ‘you are a little acquainted with the world; I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, Sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.’

We were now prevented from farther conversation by the arrival of the gaoler’s servants, who came to call over the prisoners names and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

C H A P. VII.

A reformation in the goal; to make laws compleat they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy strength of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday’s uneasiness and fatigue had encreased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to sent my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be

be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

‘Well,’ cried I, ‘my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears.’

‘No, papa,’ says Dick, ‘I am not afraid to lie any where you are.’

‘And I,’ says Bill, who was yet but four years old, ‘love every place best that my papa is in.’

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister’s health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: ‘And as for you my son,’ continued I, ‘it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it is given thee, my son, for very useful purposes: for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.’

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time

time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal; 'For, be assured, my friends,' cried I, ' (for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship) though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every

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‘moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you. He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that’s good hereafter.

‘If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who after robbing an house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done.’

When I had concluded, I received the compliment of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lectures next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here: for it ever had been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common

common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

‘Alas, doctor,’ cried he, ‘these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!’

‘Why Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.’

‘I fancy, Sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner, ‘that it must give you a great comfort to have this little family about you.’

‘A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.’

‘I am afraid, Sir,’ cried he, ‘that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here,’ (looking at my son Moses) ‘one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven.’

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. ‘Yet,’ continued he, ‘I can’t help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception.’

‘My dear Sir,’ returned the other, ‘it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black ribband in your hair, that allured me. But no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last.’

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'I suppose,' cried my son, 'that the narrative of such a life as your's must be extremely instructive and amusing.'

'Not much of either,' returned Mr. Jenkinson. 'Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.'

'Indeed I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However,' continued he, 'let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a goal myself, I may extricate my friends.'

In compliance with this curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon

something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

C H A P. VIII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alledging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

‘Excuse me,’ returned I; ‘these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver’s bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yet, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up but even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?’

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose

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trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest, for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dextrously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous groupe of little beings could do; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and when manufactured, sold by my appointment: so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity. That it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not

by making punishments familiar but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives of virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishment, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms, but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live, than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between an hundred and an hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone are very tender of the lives of each

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each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it encreased, as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears, all our possessions are piled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell, whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country shew more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should

then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

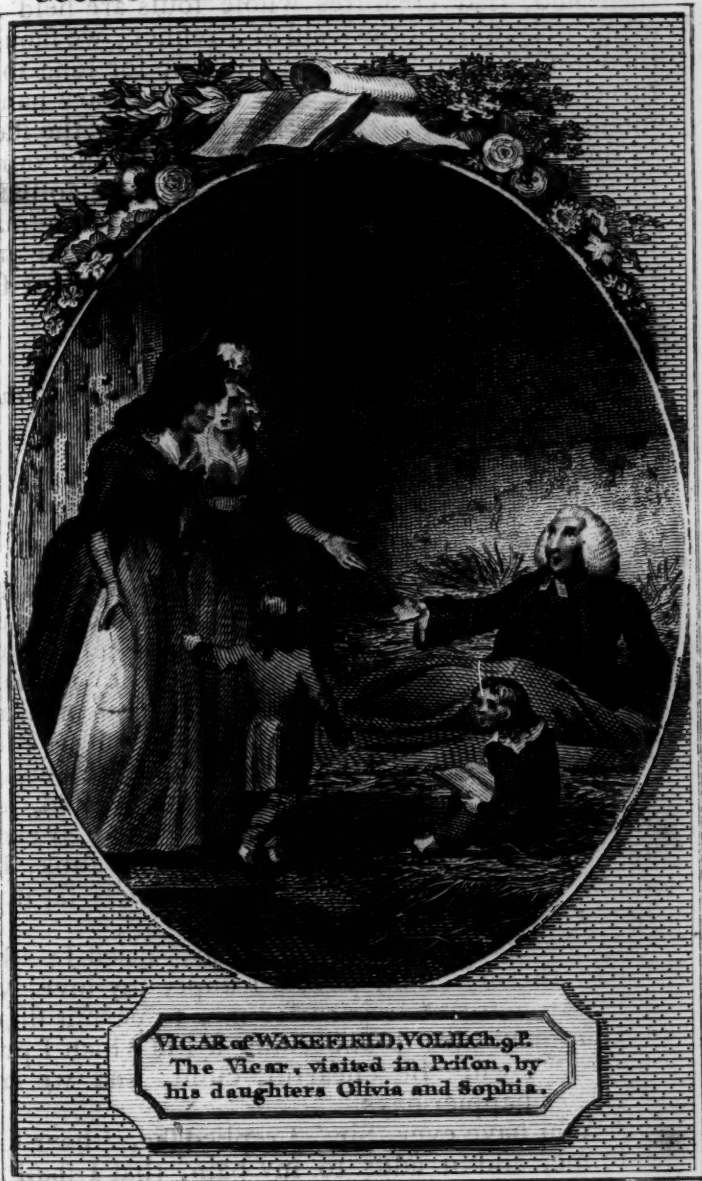
C H A P. IX.

*Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than
of virtue in this life; temporal evils or felicity
being regarded by Heaven as things
merely in themselves trifling,
and unworthy its care in
the distribution.*

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have mouldered every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

‘I am glad to see thee, my dear,’ cried I; ‘but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be chearful, child, and we may yet see happier days.’

‘You have ever, Sir,’ replied she, ‘been kind to me, and it adds to my pain, that I shall never



R. Corbould, delin.

Engraved for C. Cooke, N^o 17, Paternoster Row. Dec^r 29. 1792.

C. Hawkins, sculp.

WEEK OF WAKFIELD

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‘ ver have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here ; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, Sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill ; it may, in some measure, induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying.’

‘ Never, child,’ replied I, ‘ never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute ; for though the world may look up on your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no ways miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem, and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another.’

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of the family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. ‘ Beside,’ added he, ‘ I don’t know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy.’

‘ Sir,’ replied I, ‘ you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told, that even in this very room, a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of : yet I would grant neither, as something
‘ whispers

‘whispers me, that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now should I not be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus to escape one pang, break my child’s heart with a thousand.’

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter’s life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. ‘However,’ continued he, ‘though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for every thing that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew’s ill usage, and my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer.’ I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set out about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the mean time was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter’s health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew, were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon

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soon vanished like all my former My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declining faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Mr. William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was the confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from it's prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came; she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient; she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They intreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. 'And is not my sister an angel now, papa,' cried the eldest, 'and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.'—'Yes,' added my youngest darling, 'heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.'

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing, that now my daughter was no more I should seriously think of the rest of my family and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air.

air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support: and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

‘Heaven be praised,’ replied I, ‘there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, Sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it.’ Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he
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had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

‘ Well, Sir,’ said I to my fellow-prisoner, ‘ you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel ; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it : this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken ; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their Heavenly father.’

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. ‘ Why, my love,’ cried I, ‘ why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own ? What though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more.’ — ‘ We have indeed lost,’ returned she, ‘ a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest, is gone : snatched from us, carried off by ruffians !’

‘ How, madam,’ cried my fellow-prisoner, ‘ Miss Sophia carried off by villains ! Sure it cannot be ?’

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoner’s wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account : she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them,

them, and instantly stopt. Upon which a well dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

‘Now,’ cried I, ‘the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster! the child that was next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall. Not to leave me one!’—‘Alas, my husband,’ said my wife, ‘you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.’

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that he might still have reason to be thankful.—‘My child,’ cried I, ‘look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out; while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave.’ ‘My dear father,’ returned he, ‘I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George.’—‘What of him, my child,’ interrupted I, ‘does he know my misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ returned he, ‘he is perfectly gay, chearful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favorite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantancy that becomes vacant!’

‘And are you sure of this,’ cried my wife; ‘are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?’—‘Nothing indeed, Madam,’ returned my son; ‘you

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‘you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure: and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.’---‘But are you sure,’ still repeated she, ‘that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?’---‘Yes, Madam,’ replied he, ‘it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family!’---Then I thank Providence, cried she, ‘that my last letter has miscarried.’ ‘Yes, my dear,’ continued she, turning to me, ‘I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us, in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother’s blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him who directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.’---‘Woman,’ cried I, ‘thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has preserved the son to be father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when I still hear that he is happy and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters. But what sisters has he left! he has no sisters now, they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone!’---‘Father,’ interrupted my son, ‘I beg you will give me leave to read this letter, I know it will please you.’ Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

‘HONOURED SIR,

‘I Have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless groupe as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming

‘deforming hand of ambition or distress! But whatever
 ‘your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be
 ‘some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased
 ‘with my situation, and every way happy here.

‘Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave
 ‘the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my
 ‘friend, takes me with him to all companies where he
 ‘is acquainted, and after my first visit, I generally find
 ‘myself received with increased respect upon repeating
 ‘it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and could I
 ‘forget you know whom, I might be perhaps success-
 ‘ful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while
 ‘I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends;
 ‘and in this number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider
 ‘you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter
 ‘from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too
 ‘promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me.
 ‘Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and
 ‘that I am this moment in a most violent passion with
 ‘them: yet still, I know not how, though I want to
 ‘bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer
 ‘emotions. Then tell them, Sir, that after all, I love
 ‘them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remain-
 ‘ing your dutiful son.’

‘In all our misery,’ cried I, ‘what thanks have we
 ‘not to return, that one at least of our family is ex-
 ‘empted from what we suffer. Heaven be his guard,
 ‘and keep my boy thus happy to be the support of his
 ‘widowed mother, and the father of these two babes,
 ‘which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him!
 ‘May he keep their innocence from the temptations of
 ‘want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!’
 I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of
 a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison below; it
 died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard
 along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper
 of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wound-
 ed, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with
 compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but
 with horror when I found it was my own son, ‘My
 ‘George!

‘George! my George! and do I behold thee thus! Wounded! fettered! Is this thy happiness! Is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die!’

‘Where, Sir, is your fortitude?’ returned my son, with an intrepid voice; ‘I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it.’

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. ‘O, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! chained, wounded. And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day. To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul, fall heavy upon the murderer of my children. May he live, like me, to see——

‘Hold, Sir,’ replied my son, ‘or I shall blush for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and sling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy grey head with destruction! No, Sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.’

‘My child you must not die: I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.’

‘Mine, Sir,’ returned my son, ‘is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother’s letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately

‘rately: but the rest made me their prisoner. The
 ‘coward is determined to put the law in execution
 ‘against me; the proofs are undeniable; I have sent a
 ‘challenge, and as I am the first transgressor upon the
 ‘statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have of-
 ‘ten charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me
 ‘now, Sir, find them in your example.’

‘And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised
 ‘above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce.
 ‘From this moment I break from my heart all the ties
 ‘that hold it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us
 ‘both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the
 ‘way, and my soul shall guide your’s in the ascent, for
 ‘we will take our flight together. I now see, and am
 ‘convinced you expect no pardon here, and I can only
 ‘exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we
 ‘both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly
 ‘in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have
 ‘a share.—Good Jailor, let them be permitted to stand
 ‘here, while I attempt to improve them.’ Thus saying,
 I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted
 strength, and was able only to recline against the wall.
 The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for
 they loved to hear my counsel; my son and his mother
 supported me on either side, I looked, and saw that none
 were wanting, and then addressed them with the following
 exhortation.

CHAP. X.

*The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with
 regard to the happy and the miserable here below.
 That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the
 wretched must be repaid the balance of their suffer-
 ings in the life hereafter.*

‘MY friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers,
 ‘when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil
 ‘here below, I find that much has been given man to en-
 ‘joy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should exa-
 ‘mine the whole world, we shall not find one man so
 ‘happy as to have nothing left to wish for: but we
 ‘daily see thousands, who by suicide shew us they have
 ‘nothing

nothing left to hope. In this life then it appears that we cannot be entirely blest ; but yet we may be completely miserable.

Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity, why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves : These are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and Heaven seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them ; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other ; for if life is a place of comfort, it's shortness must be a misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak ; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with horror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of heaven. To religion, then, we must hold, in every circumstance of our life, for our truest comfort : for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending ; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out

‘out a continuance of bliss ; to the wretched a change
‘from pain.

‘But though religion is very kind to all men, it has
‘promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy ; the sick,
‘the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the
‘prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sa-
‘cred law. The Author of our religion every where
‘professes himself the wretch’s friend ; and, unlike the
‘false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the
‘forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as a
‘partiality, as a preference, without merit to deserve it.
‘But they never reflect that it is not in the power of even
‘Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as
‘great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the
‘first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it
‘but increases what they already possess. To the
‘latter it is a double advantage ; for it diminishes their
‘pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss
‘hereafter.

‘But Providence is in all other respects kinder to the
‘poor than the rich ; for as it thus makes the life after
‘death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there.
‘The wretched have had a long familiarity with every
‘face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself qui-
‘etly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few
‘ties to stop his departure : he feels only nature’s pang
‘in the final separation, and this is no way greater than
‘he has often fainted under before ; for, after a certain
‘degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in
‘that constitution, nature covers with insensibility.

‘Thus Providence has given the wretched two ad-
‘vantages over the happy in this life, greater felicity in
‘dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure
‘which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this
‘superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and
‘seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the
‘parable ; for though he was already in heaven, and
‘felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was men-
‘tioned, as an addition to his happiness, that he had

‘once

' once been wretched, and now was comforted ; that he
' had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt
' what it was to be happy.

' Thus, my friends, you see religion does what Phi-
' losophy could never do : it shews the equal dealings of
' heaven to the happy and unhappy, and levels all human
' enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to
' both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and
' equal hopes to aspire after it ; but if the rich have
' the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor
' have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was
' once to be miserable, when crowded with endless feli-
' city hereafter ; and even though it should be called a
' small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must
' make up by duration what the temporal happiness of
' the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

' These are therefore the consolations which the
' wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which
' they are above the rest of mankind ; in other respects
' they are below them. They who would know the
' miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To
' declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only
' repeating what none either believe or practise. The men
' who have the necessaries of living are not poor, and they
' who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friend, we
' must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagina-
' tion can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic
' sweetness to the dark vapour of a dungeon, or ease the
' throbbings of a broken heart, Let the philosopher from
' his couch of softness tell us we can resist all these. Alas !
' the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest
' pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it ; but
' torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

' To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness
' in heaven should be peculiarly dear, for if our reward
' be in this life alone, we are indeed of all men the most
' miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls,
' made to terrify, as well as to confine us ; this light,
' that only serves to shew the horrors of the place ; those
' shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made
' necessary ;

‘ necessary ; when I survey these emaciated looks, and
 ‘ hear those groans, O, my friends, what a glorious ex-
 ‘ change would heaven be for these ! To fly through
 ‘ regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of
 ‘ eternal bliss, to carol over endless hymns of praise, to
 ‘ have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of
 ‘ goodness for ever in our eyes ; when I think of these
 ‘ things, death becomes the messenger of very glad ti-
 ‘ dings ; when I think of these things, his sharpest ar-
 ‘ row becomes the staff of my support ; when I think of
 ‘ these things, what is there in life worth having ?
 ‘ When I think of these things, what is there that should
 ‘ not be spurned away ? Kings in their palaces should
 ‘ groan for such advantages ; but we, humbled as we
 ‘ are, should yearn for them.

‘ And shall these things be ours ? Ours they will cer-
 ‘ tainly be if we but try for them ; and what is a com-
 ‘ fort, we are shut out from many temptations that
 ‘ would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them,
 ‘ and they will certainly be ours ; and what is still a
 ‘ comfort, shortly too : for if we look back on past life,
 ‘ it appears but a very short span, and whatever we
 ‘ may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less
 ‘ duration ; as we grow older, the days seem to grow
 ‘ shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the
 ‘ perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort
 ‘ now, for we shall soon be at our journey’s end ; we
 ‘ shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by heaven
 ‘ upon us ; and though death, the only friend of the
 ‘ wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller
 ‘ with the view, and, like the horizon, still flies before
 ‘ him ; yet the time will certainly and shortly come,
 ‘ when we shall cease from our toil ; when the luxurious
 ‘ great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the
 ‘ earth ; when we shall think with pleasure on our suf-
 ‘ ferings below ; when we shall be surrounded with all
 ‘ our friends, or such as deserved our friendship ; when
 ‘ our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all,
 ‘ unending.’

CHAP IX.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty: observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones late by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before, in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came, with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found. Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure. 'Here, papa,' cried the charming girl, 'here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety.'—A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her's, interrupted what she was going to add.

'Ah, Mr. Burchell,' cried I, 'this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude.'

'After

'After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me.'

'It is impossible,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it!'

'It was ever my conjecture,' cried I, 'that your mind was noble; but now I find it so.---But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who the ruffians were that carried thee away?'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mama and I were walking out, he came behind us, and almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the mean time, I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive, at some distance, but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and intreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times; upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and, with one blow, knock the postilion to the ground. The horses when he was fallen, soon stopt of themselves; and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr.

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‘Burchell running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell’s compassion; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return.’

‘Welcome, then,’ cried I, ‘my child, and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompence, she is your’s; if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, Sir, that I give you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind.’

‘But I suppose, Sir,’ cried Mr. Burchell, ‘that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?’

‘If your present objection,’ replied I, ‘be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and, if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice.’

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal; and, without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshment from the next inn; to which being answered in the

the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me. Adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and, though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine was disposed in order, and two very well dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner, might be admitted; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George? to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy came into the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. 'Come on,' cried I, 'my son, though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer: to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter: give him, my boy, the hand of friendship, he deserves our warmest gratitude.'

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance.

‘My dear brother,’ cried his sister, ‘why don’t you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other.’

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, ‘I again find,’ said he, ‘unthinking boy, that the same crime’—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler’s servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. ‘Bid the fellow wait,’ cried our guest, ‘till I shall have leisure to receive him;’ and then turning to my son, ‘I again find, Sir,’ proceeded he, ‘that you are guilty of the same offence for which you had once my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, Sir, is the difference between a duelist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester’s fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a counter?’

‘Alas, Sir,’ cried I, ‘whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment required him upon her blessing to avenge her quarrel. Here, Sir, is the letter which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt.’

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. ‘This,’ says he, ‘though not a perfect excuse, is such a pallia-

‘tion of his fault, as induces me to forgive him.—And
 ‘now, Sir,’ continued he, kindly taking my son by the
 hand, ‘I see you are surprized at finding me here; but
 ‘I have often visited prisons upon occasions lest interest-
 ‘ing. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man,
 ‘for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long
 ‘been a disguised spectator of thy father’s benevolence.
 ‘I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontami-
 ‘nated by flattery, and have received that happiness that
 ‘courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity
 ‘round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of
 ‘my intentions of coming here, and I find is arrived;
 ‘it would be wronging him and you to condemn him
 ‘without examination; if there be injury there shall be
 ‘redress; and this I may say without boasting, that
 ‘none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William
 ‘Thornhill.’

We now found the personage whom we had long entertained as an harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who but a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

‘Ah, Sir,’ cried my wife with a piteous aspect, how
 ‘is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness; the
 ‘slights you received from me the last time I had the ho-
 ‘nour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which
 ‘I audaciously threw out; these, Sir, I fear can never
 ‘be forgiven.’

‘My dear good lady,’ returned he with a smile, if you
 ‘had your joke, I had my answer; I’ll leave it to all
 ‘the company if mine were not as good as your’s. To
 ‘say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be
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'angry with at present but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person, so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me Sophia, my dear, whether, you should know him again?'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'I can't be positive; yet now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eye-brows.' 'I ask pardon, Madam,' interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, 'but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?'—'Yes, I think so,' cried Sophia.—'And did your honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'observe the length of his legs?'—'I can't be sure of their length,' cried the Baronet, 'but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done.'—'Please your honour,' cried Jenkinson, 'I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle: Timothy Baxter is his name, I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest.' Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. 'Yes, please your honour,' replied the gaoler, 'I know Sir William Thornhill well, and every body that knows any thing of him will desire to know more of him.' 'Well, then,' said the baronet, 'my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.'—'Your promise is sufficient,' replied the other, 'and you may at a minute's warning send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.'

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were indulged with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented

her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, 'What Bill, you chubby rogue,' cried he, 'do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick too, my honest veteran, are you here! you shall find I have not forgot you.' So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold: but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

C H A P. XII.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. 'No fawning, Sir, at present,' cried the baronet, with a look of severity, 'the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I see only complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice and oppression. How, is it, Sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompence for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son too, whom you feared to face as a man—'

'Is it possible, Sir,' interrupted, his nephew, 'that my uncle could object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid.'

'Your

‘Your rebuke,’ cried Sir William, ‘is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother indeed was the soul of honour; but thou—yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.’

‘And I hope,’ said his nephew, ‘that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, Sir, with this gentleman’s daughter at some places of public amusement; thus what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear myself to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner, and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.’

‘If this,’ cried Sir William, ‘be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and, though your conduct might have been more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable.’

‘He cannot contradict a single particular,’ replied the squire, ‘I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, Sir,’ continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him; ‘thus, Sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though at your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this too at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life; this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has been

‘wounded dangerously, and even though my uncle himself would dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it.’

‘Thou monster,’ cried my wife, ‘hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man.’

‘Madam,’ replied the good man, ‘your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—’ But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler’s two servants now called off our attention, who entered howling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description given of that ruffian who carried off my daughter— ‘Here,’ cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, ‘here, we have him, and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn this is one.’

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Mr. Jenkinson, who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopt him. ‘What squire,’ cried he, ‘are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved I will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour continued he, turning to Sir William, ‘has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be dangerously wounded: he declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair, that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with a post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in, in the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to have run off,

‘by which means Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender.’

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed with a more circumstantial account; and concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

‘Heaven,’ cried Sir William, ‘what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice too as he seemed to be. But he shall have it; secure him Mr. gaoler—yet hold, I fear there is no legal evidence to detain him.’

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined. ‘Your servants!’ replied Sir William; ‘wretch, call them yours no longer: but come; let us hear what those fellows have to say; let his butler be called.’

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master’s looks that all his power was now over. ‘Tell me,’ cried Sir William sternly, ‘have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together?’ ‘Yes, please your honour,’ cried the butler, ‘a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies.’ ‘How,’ interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, ‘this to my face!’—‘Yes,’ replied the butler, ‘or to any man’s face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don’t care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.’—‘Now then,’ cried Jenkinson, tell his honour whether you know any thing of me.’—‘I can’t say,’ replied the butler, ‘that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman’s daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them.’—‘So then,’ cried Sir William ‘I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence: thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches!—But, (continuing his examination)

tion) 'you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter.' — 'No, please your honour,' replied the butler, 'he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them.' — 'It is but too true,' cried Jenkinson, 'I cannot deny it, that was the employment assigned for me; and I confess it to my confusion.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the baronet, 'how every new discovery of his villainy alarms me! all his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge; at my request, Mr. gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate who committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to confront this wretch; I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Intreat her to come in. Where is she?'

'Ah! Sir,' said I, 'that question stings me to the heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries'—Another interruption here prevented; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprize at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town, on the way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they were

were ineffectual: she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprized us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprize but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she to the squire who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.'

'He find pleasure in doing good!' cried Sir William, interrupting her; 'no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, Madam, as compleat a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had courage to face his betrayer. And, give me leave, Madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster.'

'O goodness,' cried the lovely girl, 'how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose was gone off to America with his new married lady.'

'My sweetest Miss,' cried my wife, 'he has told you nothing'

‘nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else; and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake.’ She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son’s passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light, from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire’s debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

‘Good Heavens! cried Miss Wilmot, ‘how very near I have been to the brink of ruin! But how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detect one equally brave and generous!’

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorum could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—‘Sure, Madam,’ cried he, ‘this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy.’—‘No, Sir,’ replied she, ‘I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have

‘ have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it : but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated, and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another’s.’—‘ And no others you shall be,’ cried Sir William, ‘ if I have any influence with your father.’

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. ‘ I find then,’ cried he, ‘ that I am to expect no justice here ; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, Sir,’ turning to Sir William, ‘ I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from me, which, I thank her father’s assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match ; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other.’

This was an alarming blow ; Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him ? ‘ Though fortune,’ said she, ‘ is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give.’

‘ And that, Madam,’ cried her real lover, ‘ was, indeed, all that you ever had to give : at least, all I ever thought worth the acceptance. And, I now protest, my Arabella, by all that’s happy, your want of fortune this moment encreases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity.’

Mr.

Mr. Wilnot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculation, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. 'I must confess, Sir,' cried he, 'that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a sufficient competence to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they had long loved each other, and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his own promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.'

'Sir William,' replied the old gentleman, 'be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here,' (meaning me) 'give a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together.'

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectation as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. 'After all my misfortunes,' cried my son George, 'to be thus rewarded! Sure this

‘is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that’s good, and after such an interval of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so high!’ ‘Yes, my George,’ returned his lovely bride, ‘now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made, from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him now enjoy our fortune, I now can be happy even in indigence.’ ‘And I promise you,’ cried the squire, with a malicious grin, ‘that I shall be very happy with what you despise.’ ‘Hold, hold, Sir,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady’s fortune, Sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it.—‘Pray, your honour,’ continued he to Sir William, ‘can the squire have this lady’s fortune if he be married to another?’ ‘How can you make such a simple demand?’ replied the Baronet; ‘undoubtedly he cannot.’—‘I am sorry for that,’ cried Jenkinson; ‘for as we have been fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco stopper, for he is married already.’—‘You lie like a rascal,’ returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; ‘I never was legally married to any woman,’—‘Indeed, begging your honour’s pardon,’ replied the other, ‘you were: and I hope you will shew a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife, and if the company restrains the curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her.’ So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. ‘Aye, let him go,’ cried the squire; ‘whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.’

‘I am surprized,’ said the Baronet, ‘what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour I suppose!—‘Perhaps, Sir,’ replied I, ‘he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman had laid to seduce innocence,

‘perhaps some one more artful than the rest, has been
‘found able to deceive him. When we consider what
‘numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel
‘with an anguish, the infamy and the contamination
‘which he has brought into their families, it would
‘not surprize me, if some of them—Amazement! Do I
‘see my lost daughter! Do I hold her! It is, it is
‘my life, my happiness. I thought thee lost, my
‘Olivia, yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to
‘bless me.’ The warmest transports of the fondest lover
were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce
my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose
silence only spoke her raptures. ‘And art thou return-
‘ed to me, my darling,’ cried I, ‘to be my comfort in
‘age!’—‘That she is,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘and make
‘much of her, for she is your own honourable child,
‘and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let
‘the other be who she will.—And as for you, squire, as
‘sure as you stand there, this young lady is your law-
‘ful wedded wife. And to convince you that I speak
‘nothing but the truth, here is the license by which you
‘were married together.’ So saying, he put the license
into the baronet’s hands, who read it, and found it
perfect in every respect. ‘And now gentlemen,’ con-
tinued he, ‘I find you are surprized at all this; but a
‘few words will explain the difficulty. That there
‘squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship,
‘but that’s between ourselves, has often employed me
‘in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest he
‘commissioned me to procure him a false license and a
‘false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But
‘as I was very much his friend, what did I do but went
‘and got a true license and a true priest, and married
‘them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps
‘you’ll think it was generosity made me do all this. But
‘no. To my shame I confess it. My only design was
‘to keep the license, and let the squire know that
‘I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper,
‘to make him come down whenever I wanted money.’

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A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment ; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

And shook their chains

In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps among all there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusive. 'How could you,' cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson, 'how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not ; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompence for the pain.'

'As to your question,' replied Jenkinson, 'that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living, there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now.'

In the whole assembly now there only appeared two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him ; he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, 'Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,' cried he, 'deserve no tenderness ; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken ; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This

‘young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future.’ He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to chuse one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to her with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round, with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all, except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. ‘I think now,’ cried, he with a smile, that ‘all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains a piece of justice for me to do. You are sensible, Sir,’ continued he turning to me, ‘of the obligations we both owe Mr. Jenkinson. And it is but justice we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune, and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?’ My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother’s arms at the hideous proposal. ‘Have him, Sir!’ cried she faintly: ‘No Sir, never.’—‘What cried he again, ‘Not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome
‘young

‘ young fellow, with five hundred pounds and good expectations!’—‘ I beg Sir,’ returned she, scarce able to speak, ‘ that you’ll desist, and not make me so very wretched.’—‘ Was ever such obstinacy known,’ cried he again, ‘ to refuse a man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds! What, not have him!’—‘ No, Sir, never,’ replied she angrily; ‘ I’d sooner die first.—’ ‘ If that be the case then,’ cried he, ‘ if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself. And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. ‘ My loveliest, my most sensible of girls,’ cried he, ‘ how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!’ Then, turning to Jenkinson, ‘ As I cannot, Sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompence I can make is to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.’ Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time Sir William’s gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn,

where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alteration of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw, and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAP. XIII.

The Conclusion.

THE next morning as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting at my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found all the company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they

they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment, they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy, and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day.' This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamborough's alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law,

law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by this harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea a-piece to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides: but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember; old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Mills Flamborough's would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom,

custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a chearful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were over, my pleasure was ununspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

END OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.



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